THE

Songster's MAGAZINE:

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

Newest SONGS sung at Ranelaugh and Vauxhall Gardens, the Theatres Royal, and all other Places of Public Entertainment

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1. *Wandering Sailor.*

THE wand'ring sailor plows the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find at last content and ease;
In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
To cast anchor on his native shore.
When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole,
The dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flattering fancy wafts him home:
In hopes when toils, &c.
When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early scenes of life renew,
Tho' each his fav'rite lass will boast,
This is the universal toast,
May we when toil and danger's o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.

2. *Nancy of the Dale.*

MY Nancy quits the rural plain,
A camp's distress to prove,
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love.
But dearest, tho' your soldier's there,
Will not your spirits fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the Dale?
Or should your love such dangers scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure
Your health 'midst toils which you were born,
To sooth, but not endure.
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail,
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

3. *Sable Night.*

WHEN sable night each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flow'rs her breath did cheer,
As some widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauties with a tear. [borrow,
When all did sleep, whose weary heart could
One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I prest my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast.
He vow'd he came to save me,
From those who would enslave me;
Then kneeling, kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore;
But soon I chid him thence,
For sad his fond pretence found favour then,
And had he press'd again,
I fear in my heart I might granted him more.

4. *Early Horn.*

WITH early horn
Salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With cheerful cries,
Bid echo rise,
And join the jovial chace.
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal floods,
Return the enliv'ning sound.

5. *Roving Sailor.*

WHEN the midnight tempest raging,
Strikes the Sailor with dismay,
Furious winds and waves engaging,
Banish ev'ry hope of day.
But at dawn their rage subsiding,
The ocean wears a tranquil face,
Joy thro' every current gliding,
Calms his bosom into peace.

6. *Spring.*

HAIL young Spring the earth adorning,
Drive old Winter far away,
Call the rosy finger'd morning,
Deck the Sun in radiance gay,
Flora bring thy sweetest treasure,
Zephyrs waft your softest gale,
Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure,
Echo tell it thro' the vale.
Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,
Mourn'd the long deserted grove,
But sweet Spring at thy appearing,
All is harmony and love.

7. *The Perplexed Virgin.*

YOUNG Collin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd,
I own I felt a fiered flame,
Yet not to [illegible] approv'd.
A thousand tender tales he told,
I think'd it seem'd untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold,
What could a virgin do?
The artless mind is soon impress'd,
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the female breast,
He's sure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
'Tis hard thro' pity to comply,
What can a virgin do?

8. *The Jovial Tinker.*

I Am a Tinker by my trade,
Each day I live I mend,
I am such a universal friend,
I hide the faults by others made,
Work for the Tinker, ho, good wives
It were well while I your kettles mend,
If you would mend your lives.
The best that is going is my trade,
It is better than the law;
By them are breaches wider made,
I daily stop up many a flaw. Work, &c.
That we should mend is each man's cry,
A doctrine it is that all will teach;
Then how much better may am I,

Who practiſe what they only preach.

9. *Water parted from the Sea.*

WATER parted from the Sea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee.
Or thro' the fertile vallies glide. Water, &c.
Tho' in ſearch of ſoft repoſe,
Thro' the lands 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home. Tho', &c.

10. *Song in Poor Vulcan.*

WHAT are Pluto's gilded toys,
When compar'd to love's rich joys?
Toys that worldly mortals prize,
Souls of finer ſenſe deſpiſe;
Free together let us rove,
Heart for heart and love for love.
Free from tumults, frowns and ſtrife,
Free from all that burthens life;
Blythely let us ſeek the plains,
Where eternal pleaſure reigns. Free, &c.

11. *New Song.*

AH! let it ne'er with truth be ſaid,
That public virtue droops her head,
That Engliſh faith ſhould luckleſs prove,
Or crop an Engliſh virgin's love.
If in my Sally's youthful heart,
Her Richard e'er may claim a part,
This happy hour ſhall ſmiling prove,
That honour firmly fixes love.

12. *Louiſa.*

HOW oft, Louiſa, haſt thou ſaid,
Nor wilt thou the fond boaſt diſown,
Thou wouldſt not loſe Anthonio's love,
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by theſe lips that ſpoke ſo kind,
And by this hand I preſs to mind,
To be the Lord of wealth and power,
I ſwear I would not part with thine.
Then how, my ſoul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms cannot buy,
Of this true heart thou ſhalt be queen,
And ſerving thee a monarch I.
Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliſs,
And rich in love's exhauſtleſs mine,
Do thou ſnatch treaſures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

13. *Happy Maid.*

HOW bleſt the maid whoſe boſom
No headſtrong paſſion knows,
Her days in Joy ſhe paſſes,
Her nights in calm repoſe.
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleaſure without meaſure,
From every object flows.

14. *The Lark.*

THE tuneful Lark on æther wings,
Each morn his lofty flight,
In rapt'rous notes he ſweetly ſings,
And hails the approaching light.
But I from morn no comfort know,
No reſt from ſilent night,
All joys to me inſipid grow,
Afford me no delight.

15. *Damond and Celia.*

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair,
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care,
Diſpel theſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove,
O ſend ſome cheering ray of light,
And guide me to my love.
Thus in a ſecret friendly ſhade,
Then penſive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.
When ſudden Damon's well known face,
Each riſing fear diſarms,
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

16. *Chloe.*

AS I ſaw fair Chloe walk along,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhower.
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſt,
Like little birds into their neſts,
But being o'ercome with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear.
Then flowing down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

17. *Fair Roſamond.*

WAS—— Nymph like Roſamond,
So [illegible], ſo faithful, and ſo fond,
Adorn'd with every charming grace.
I'm all deſire,
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and ſprings to her embrace.

18. *Macedon Youth.*

THE Macedon youth,
Left behind him this truth,
That nothing is done with much thinking.
He drank and he fought,
'Till he had what he ſought,
The world was his own by good drinking.
He drench'd his good ſoul,
In a plentiful bowl,
And caſt away trouble and ſorrow,
His head never run
On what was to be done,
For he car'd not to-day for to-morrow.

19. *Happy Lover.*

WHEN a lover's sighs his mistress gain,
What joys his soul possess,
The memory of his former pain,
Augments his happiness.
T' enjoy the fair then strait he flies,
No danger can the youth surprize,
With a fal la lal la la, &c.
'Till in her arms he dies.

20. *Lothario.*

VAINLY now you strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May,
How should ever sun-shine warm me,
While Lothario keeps away,
Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me,
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky,
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sun-shine fills her eye.

21. *A New Song.*

IN this shady blest retreat,
I've been wishing for my dear,
Hark! I hear his welcome feet,
Tell the lovely charmer's near.
'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
True to love's appointed hour,
Joy and peace now smile again,
Love I own thy mighty pow'r.

22. *The Attracting Nymph.*

ONE eve as passing thro' the mead,
I 'spied a lovely fair,
Her eyes outshone the stars so bright,
And graceful was her air.
My thoughts attracted with her charms,
And raptures seiz'd my breast,
I said sweet nymph you've rais'd a flame,
That much disturbs my rest,
She seem'd to scorn my ardent zeal,
And laugh'd at my distress,
Oh! that I ne'er had seen her face,
Or could I love her less.

23. *The Distressed Maiden.*

THE wars have call'd my love away,
I ne'er shall see him more,
The gods protect him in the field,
Where thund'ring cannons roar.
May heaven guard him on the main,
Or where so'er he goes,
Preserve him from the worst of harms,
And vanquish all his foes.

24. *A Song in praise of Women.*

WOMAN! lovely creature,
Sent us from above,
Charms in ev'ry feature,
To attract our love,
Pleasures they afford us,
And this life of care,
More than fam'd Parnassus,
To a Poet's ear.

25. *Advice to the fair Sex.*

WHEN the shepherds seek to woo,
Mind them first they faithless prove,
But if once you find them true,
Fear not to reward their love.
Let not beauty make you vain.
Men of worth deserv your care,
Never give a lover pain,
If you find his heart sincere.
Love, the source of ev'ry Joy,
Asks whatever we can give,
Love should every hour employ,
'Tis for love alone we live.

26. *A New Song.*

COME ye maidens of this city
Join with me in this my ditty,
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
And crown with joy this happy day.
So let the glass go briskly round,
For sure I hear the pleasant sound,
Of my Willy's lovely voice.
Come ye nymphs with me rejoice,
Let all your cares be banish'd hence,
And none attempt with vain pretence,
To impede a scene of pleasure,
Which exceeds the miser's treasure.

27. *John and Nell.*

AS Nell sat underneath her cow,
Upon a cock of hay,
Brisk John was coming from the plow,
And chanc'd to come that way,
Like lightning to the maid he flew,
And by the hand he seiz'd her,
Pray John, she cry'd, be quiet do,
And frown'd because he pleas'd her.
Young Cupid from his mother's knee,
Observ'd her female pride,
Go on, and prosper, John says he,
And I will be your guide.
Then aim'd at Nelly's breast a dart,
From pride it soon releas'd her,
She faintly cry'd, I feel love's smart,
And sigh'd, because it eas'd her.

28. *Happiness.*

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
When retir'd from crouds and noise,
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys,
Happy's that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults the voice of nature,
When the roving fancy's eas'd,
Every passion wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scales,
Every state of life improving,
That no anxious thought prevail,
Happy man who thus possesses
Life with some companion dear

Joy imparted ſtill encreaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

29. *The Shepherd's Holiday.*

THE mouth of May is now begun,
And the ſweet flowers are all in bloom,
The nymphs and ſwains like lambs ſhall play,
To welcome the ſhepherd's holiday.
That man is bleſt that's free from care,
Young Cupid's dart ſhall ne'er me enſnare,
For 'tis young Betſy on my arms ſhall lay,
To welcome the ſhepherd's holiday.
At night when I'm tired I can take no reſt,
'Tis in my love's arms I always am bleſt,
'Tis my love that has ſtole my heart away,
All on the ſhepherd's holiday.

30. *A Song in the Duenna.*

HAD I a heart for falſhood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you,
And tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms would make me true,
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lover's in the young.
But when they learn that you have bleſt,
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
And act a brother's part,
Then lady dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong,
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

31. *The Cruel Tyrant Love.*

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conqueſt I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error ceaſe to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd, O let me, &c.
Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did firſt create;
What was my pride is now my ſhame,
And muſt be turn'd to hate,
Then call not to my wav'ring mind,
The weakneſs of my heart,
Which, ah! I find too much inclin'd,
To take the traitor's part.

32. *The Lovers Parting.*

I'M come, I'm come to take my leave,
My deareſt jewel do not grieve,
For I am going to the Spaniſh ſhare,
To leave my charmer whom I do adore.
Billy, ſaid ſhe, hearken to me,
How many ſhips there are loſt at ſea,
You might lie up in your true love's arms,
Free from all dangers and diſmal ſtorms.
No ſtorms nor dangers do I fear,
I'll go to ſea in a privateer,
And if it pleaſe God ſhould ſpare my life,
When I return love I'll make you my wife.
Of all the girls I e'er did ſee,
None ſhall enjoy my charms but thee.
Billy, if that you will be true,
No other man I'll e'er wed but you,
O then this couple they did part,
And full of grief and true love's ſmart,
Billy took ſhipping and away he went,
And left his charmer for to lament.

33. *A New Dialogue.*

AS I walked forth one morning fair,
To view the fields and take the aie,
I ſaw a young farmer all alone,
Who to his ſweetheart was making his moan,
He ſaid, my dear and beauty bright,
On you I've fix'd my heart's delight,
What you ſay farmer may be true,
But my anſwer is, I'll have none of you.
My deareſt love I will you deck,
With a chain of gold about your neck,
But ſhe took huff and away ſhe flew,
And her anſwer was, I'll have none of you.
He ſaid, my dear, I'll tell you plain,
My ſuit and proffer you diſdain,
When your love I crav'd you did me deny,
Do you think I'll marry you? No, not I,
Now this young maid has her ſenſes loſt,
For ſhe has oft times in love been croſt,
And now ſhe lies in torment and woe,
And ſhe rues the time ſhe e'er did ſo.

34. *Airy Dreams.*

IN airy dreams ſoft fancy flies,
My abſent loue to ſee,
And with the early dawn I riſe,
Dear youth, to think on thee,
How ſwiftly flew thoſe roſy hours,
When love and youth were new,
Sweet as the breath of opening flow'rs,
But ah! as tranſient too.
The hours now move ſlowly on,
Untill thy wiſh'd return,
I count them oft when all alone,
The penſive ſhades I mourn,
Return, return my lovely charmer,
To my anxious throbbing breaſt
Thy ſmiles ſhall every doubt diſdain,
And ſooth my ſoul to reſt.

35. *The Sailor's Return.*

He. LET fops pretend in flames to melt
And talk of pains they never felt,
We Sailors ſcorn diſguiſe or art,
And with our hands beſtow our hearts.
She. Let ladies prudiſhly deny,
Look cold and give their tongue the lie,
I own the paſſion in my breaſt,
And long to make my lover bleſt.
He. For this the Sailor on the maſt,
Endures the cold and cutting blaſt,
All dropping wet wears out the night,

And braves the fury of the fight.
She. For this the virgin pines and sighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes,
'Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the tender lad she loves.
Both. Ye *British* youths be brave you'll find
That *British* virgins will prove kind,
Protect their beauty from all harms,
And they'll reward you with their charms.

36. *Ragged and True.*

I'LL sing you a song of myself,
And to give the Devil his due,
I ne'er shall be hanged for wealth,
As for my cloaths they are but few,
My cloaths they are gone without doubt,
To the joy of sweet barley mow.
My pence they're worn down to nothing,
*B*rave boys, tho' we're ragged we're true.
My cloaths are all scratches and patches,
You may see if you carefully look,
My cloaths are all scratches and patches,
Much like to a false written book.
But scratches and patches I'll wear them,
Until I can paint them with new,
For drinking I'll challenge the nation,
*B*rave boys tho' I'm ragged, I'm true,
Come fill us a pot of good liquor,
We'll drink to our creditors all,
We'll pay them when times they grow better,
And landlords come at the first call.
And if they will take no denial,
But run like a hare in full view,
I will give them the start upon trial,
*B*rave boys tho' I'm ragged, I'm true.
Long time this nail have been driven,
Unto the bottomless land,
I am afraid there has something been doing,
That will turn to some fatal end;
But rubbers and blows I will give them,
All our joys to renew,
As we found the world so we must leave it,
*B*rave boys; tho' we're ragged we're true.

37. *The Maid's Lamentation.*

EArly one morning just as the sun was rising
I heard a pretty damsel sigh and complain
Crying, gentle shepherd, why should I be forsaken
Why should I in sorrow remain?
How can you slight a pretty girl that loves you
A pretty girl as dear as her life,
But love's folly is a foolish foolish fancy,
Still it proved my overthrow.
But when you meet a pretty woman,
You'll go and court her for awhile
You're always a ranging, chopping & changing
Always seeking for a girl that is new.
Thro yonder grove's a pleasant bower,
Where you and I have spent many an hour,
In kissing and courting and genteel sporting,
Oh! my innocent heart you've betray'd.

38. *The General Toast.*

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen,
Likewise to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
Likewise to her that has none sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, sir.
Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry,
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry,
Let her be clumsey, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a feather,
So fill the pint bumper up to the brim.
And e'en let us toast them together.

39. *Bonny Jamie O!*

WHERE new mown hay on winding Tay,
The sweets of Spring discloses,
As I one morning singing lay,
Upon a bank of roses.
Young Jammy wisking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to spy me,
He took his bonnet off his head,
And softly sat down by me.
My bonny bonny Jamie O.
I care not tho' the world should know,
How dearly I love Jamie O.
The swain tho' I right mickle pride,
Yet now I wad na ken him,
But with a frown my heart disguis'd,
And strove away to bid him,
But fondly at my feet he prest,
And at my feet down lying,
His beating heart it thump't so fast,
I thought the lad was dying. My bonny &c
But still resolving to deny,
And angry passions feigning,
I after roughly shot him by,
With words sow of disdaining,
He seiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding my pride,
So sweetly did the shepherd woo,
I blushing vow'd to be his bride,
My bonny bonny Jamie O, &c.

40. *My Lodging.*

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldness of my dear. (to me.
Yet still he cry'd, turn love, I pray thee turn

For thou'rt the only girl love that ador'd by me
With a garland of ſtraw I'll crown thee, love,
I'll marry you with a ruſh ring,
Thy frozen heart ſhall melt with love,
So merrily I ſhall ſing. Yet ſtill, &c.
But if you will harden your heart love,
And be deaf to my pitiful mean,
Oh! I muſt endure the ſmart, love,
And tumble in ſtraw all alone. Yet, &c.

41. *The Dutch Defeated.*

EACH loyal *Briton* raiſe your voice,
In Rodney's praiſe let us rejoice,
Both France and Spain will quake to hear,
How Rodney ſerv'd their friend Mynheer,
Cho. Ye *Britons* now your voices raiſe,
Sing aloud brave Rodney's praiſe,
The iſland of St. Euſtatia,
The Dutch became bold Rodney's prey,
Two hundred ſail of merchantmen,
In harbour with the iſland ta'en.
Another fleet three days before,
Sail'd from this harbour to be ſure,
The ſhips Rodney ſent after them,
Soon brought them back again.
The iſlands of St. Martin and Saba,
Surrendered to brave Rodney,
The conqueſt gain'd with riches ſtore,
Two millions and an half, or more.
The tars of England ſtill may boaſt,
Triumphant Rodney rules the roaſt,
And may we e'er victorious be,
To conquer all by land or ſea.
So puſh about the cann and ſing,
Health and happineſs to our King,
And each true blue, where e'er they be,
And likewiſe Admiral Rodney.

42. *Drown'd Cupid.*

SO fare you well my Nancy dear,
Your blooming days are o'er,
Once I would have married you,
And been your conſtant lover.
Adieu, adieu to you my dear,
To marry I've no notion,
Cupid with his quiver and darts,
Is drowned in the ocean.
O now I'll croſs the raging ſeas,
To get great ſtore of treaſure,
I'll range and go where e'er I pleaſe,
Tho' I love her beyond meaſure,
In ſpite of all her cunning art,
When with kiſſes ſhe embrac'd me,
And claſp'd me in her tender arms,
With ten thouſand lies ſhe fac'd me,
O now I'll croſs the raging main,
And die in the bed of honour,
The ocean deep ſhall be my grave,
No more I will think on her,
While fiſhes ſhall round me ſwim,
And the mermaid watch me ſleeping,
I my ſoul to heav'n reſign
Forgetting my paſt weeping.

43. *Pretty Peggy of Derby.*

THERE was a regiment of Iriſh Dragoons,
They was all marching to Derby O,
The Captain fell in love with a young chamber-maid,
And her name it was called Pretty Peggy O.
Oh! come down ſtairs pretty Peggy O,
Oh! come down ſtairs pretty Peggy O,
Oh! come down ſtairs and go back with yellow hair
Take the laſt farewell of your darling O.
I tell you now as I told you before,
And for what ſhould you teaze me any more,
What will your mammy think, when ſhe hears you are ſick,
And the hautboys a playing before you go,
A Soldier's wife I never will be,
And a Soldier ſhall never lie in bed with me,
For I will make him ſtand with his hat in hand
When he ſtands in preſence of my company.
Then ſpoke his brother a ſtout young man,
A valiant ſoldier as he were,
Saying, If ſhe'll not go we ſhall have ſweethearts anew,
When we come to the Town of Killarny O.
When we come to the water that runs ſo clear,
That joins to the town of Killarney O.
The captain ſigh'd and ſaid we are many miles away,
Here's a health to the pretty Girl of Derby O.
When they did come to the laſt town,
The town that they call Killarney O,
His name was captain Wade and he died for a maid,
And he died for the pretty girl of Derby O.

44. *The Miller aſleep in his Mill.*

THO' Phillis denys me,
And ſeems to ſurprize me,
My heart my fond boſom lie ſtill,
As the river's a flowing,
As the river's a flowing,
The mill-clack is going,
The Miller's aſleep in his mill,
The Miller's aſleep in his mill.
The little gods eyes me,
And ſeems to envy me,
My heart my fond boſom lie ſtill;
As the river's a flowing,
As the river's a flowing,
The mill-clack is going,
The Miller's aſleep in his mill,
The Miller's aſleep in his Mill.
My eyes they ſpeak pleaſure,
Tells things out meaſure,

My heart my fond bosom lie ſtill;
As the birds ſly creeping,
As the birds ſly creeping,
My love lies a ſleeping.
The Linnet's awake in its neſt,
The Linnet's awake in its neſt.

45. *On Admiral Rodney.*

COME brother ſailors now advance,
For honour and renown,
And ſcourge the pride of Spain and France.
And pull thoſe tyrants down.
For Vaughan and Rodney now,
For Vaughan and Rodney now,
Their thunders hurld to ſhew the word,
They'll make their foes to bow.
The Demerary and Eſſequibo,
Upon the Spaniſh main,
And that of St. Bartholomew,
Brave Rodney he has ta'en.
For Vaughan and Rodney now, &c.
Coffee, ſugar, and corn great ſtore,
Upon the iſlands found,
Our Britiſh tars they damn'd and ſwore,
They ſhould in grog be drown'd.
Come ſail with Rodney bold,
Come ſail with Rodney bold,
Each rolling dog is fill'd with grog,
His pockets lin'd with gold.
When Rodney ſees a fleet in view,
Upon the deck he ſtands
His men around him firm and true,
Ready for the commands.
With hand and heart &c.
With hand and heart &c.
Let's ſhew them play while we have day
Left they ſteer off to Brest.
What's all the boaſts of France and Spain,
When Rodney comes in view,
Their ſhips blown up their iſlands ta'en,
The French crying Morbleu.
For Vaughan and Rodney now, &c.

46. *The Valiant Maiden.*

YE pretty maids that love
To play with Cupid's chain,
It's of a brisk young maiden,
Was ſporting on the plain,
It was with her true love Billy,
As ſhe did ſport and play,
The preſs gang overtook them,
And preſs'd her love away.
In floods of tears ſhe mourned,
She ſigh'd and tore her hair,
Crying I am undone for ever,
By loſing of my dear.
I wish the French may kill them,
That preſs'd my love away,
And ſend their bodies ſinking,
For ever in the ſea.
She dreſſed herſelf like a duke,
With a ſtar upon her breaſt,
And ſwore ſhe'd kill his captain,
If he did her moleſt.
Her life ſhe boldly ventured,
For her true love ſo brave,
Reſolv'd to be his bride,
Or the ſeas to be her grave.
The ſhip was juſt a ſailing,
When ſhe came to the ſea,
She call'd out to the captain,
Before they ſail'd away,
The officer ſtood cap in hand,
This noble duke to ſee,
Expecting ſhe was come,
Their commander for to be.
But when ſhe ſaw her true love,
She took him by the hand,
She ſaid, this is my ſervant-man,
And him I will demand.
For he has robb'd me of my ſtore,
And I will try him for his life!
She ventured life and fortune,
All for to be his wife.
So then ſhe had him fetter'd,
She handed him along,
Saying, now I will confine him,
All in ſome priſon ſtrong.
The young man begg'd for liberty,
To plough the raging ſeas,
I know I never robb'd a man,
My love in all my days.
And when ſhe got him ſafe away,
She ſat down in the ſhade,
Then ſhe began to aſk him
If he knew ſuch a maid?
His eyes began to flow with tears,
When hearing of her name,
My dear ſaid ſhe, don't trouble be,
For ſure I am the ſame.
With everlaſting joy they fled,
Into each other's arms,
'Tis everlaſting pleaſure,
While kiſſing of her charms,
My dear how could you venture,
Your ſweet and charming life,
Then to the church they went,
And ſo made her his wife.

47. *Conſider dear Daughter.*

CONſider, dear daughter, what 'tis to be rich
Nor ſpurn thus unwiſe at the bleſſing;
The views of being wealthy moſt women bewitch,
Such huſbands are ſure worth poſſeſſing.
You tell me he's ſilly, I ſay he has pence,
His acres are boundleſs, his treaſures immenſe,
A coach and ſix horſes are beauty and ſenſe,
Then prithee no longer refuſe him.

FINIS.